

God save the King

To which are added

TAR for all WEATHERS:

The PLOUGHMAN.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON GREEN.

JACKY BULL.



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GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOD save great George our King;
 Long live our noble King,
 Long live the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 Long live the King.

O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On thee our hopes we fix,
 God bless us all.

Thy choicest Gifts in store,
 On George be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 With hearts and voice to sing,
 Long live the King.

TAR FOR ALL WEATHER.

I Sailed from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib how it smacked thro' the breeze
 She is a vessel as tight to my fancy,
 As ever sailed on the salt seas.
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,

Our girls and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We shall not see them any more.

C H O R U S.

But failors were born for all weathers,
 Great gun, let it blow high blow low,
 Our Duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.
 When we entered the Gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk,
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as tho't she was drunk,
 The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
 Helm a weather the hoarse boatswain
 Brace the sail athwart, lee now the qu
 As through the rough tempest she fl

But Sailors, &c

The storm came on thicker and fast
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster,
 Befel three poor sailors and I,
 Ben Burling, Sam Shroud and Dick Han
 fail,

By a blast that came furious and hard
 Just while we were furling the main fail
 Were every soul swept from the yard,

But failors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick cried Peccavi,
 As for I at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope and so landed on deck,

Well, what would you have? we were
stranded.

And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sailed, ne'er landed;
But I and I think twenty-two.

But sailors, &c.

After thus we had at sea miscarried,
Another guess way sat 'the wind,
For to England I came and got married,
To a lass that was lovely and kind,
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
And perchance I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

The PLOUGHMAN.

That once was a ploughman a sailor am
now

A lark that aloft in the sky,
Ever fluttered his wings to give speed to
the plough.

As so gay and so careless as I;
My friend was a Carfindo aboard a
King's ship,

And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talked of such things,
As if sailors were Kings,
And so teasing did keep,
And so teasing did keep,

Till I left my poor plough to go ploughing
the deep,

No longer the horn,

Call'd me up in the morn;

I trusted the Carfindo and the inconstant
wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear
behind,

I did not much like for to board a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep
out,

I liked jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,

But I did not like rocking about;

Bye and bye came a hurricane I did not
like that

Next a battle, that many a sailor lay flat,

Ah! cried I who would roam?

That like me had a home,

When i'd sow and i'd reap,

When i'd sow and i'd reap,

E'er I left my poor plough to go plough-
ing the deep,

Where so sweetly the horn,

Call'd me up in the morn,

Where so sweetly the horn,

Call'd me up in the morn,

E'er I trusted the Carfindo and the inconst-
ant wind,

That made me to go and leave my dear
behind,

At last I safe landed, and in a whole skin
Nor did I make any long stay,

E'er I found my friend & ask'd for my kin,
 Father dead and my wife ran away :

Ah ! who but thyself said I hast thou to
 blame,

Wives losing their husbands c^d lose their
 good name ;

Ah ! why did I roam :

When so happy at home,

I could sow and could reap,

I could sow and could reap,

E'er I left my poor plough to go ploughing
 the deep ;

When so sweetly the horn,

Call'd me up in the morn :

When so sweetly the horn,

Called me up in the morn.

Curse light on the Carfindo and the incon-
 stant wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear
 behind,

Why-if th t be the case, said this very
 same friend,

And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gi's a shake by the fist, all your care's at
 an end,

Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home.

Stark staring with joy I leapt out of my skin.

Buss'd my wife, mother, sister and all of
 my kin.

Now cried I, let them roam,

Who want a good home,

I am well, so i'll keep,

(7)
I am we'l, so i'll keep,
Nor again leave the plough to go plough-
ing the deep.
Once more shall the horn,
Call me up in the morn :
Once more shall the horn,
Call me up in the morn :
Nor shall any damn'd Carfindo nor the in-
constant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear
behind

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON GREEN.

WITH care I searched the village round
And many hamlets tried,
At last a fair I happily found,
Dexid of art and pride
In neat built cot, it is her lot,
A rustic life to lead :
With tender care, her lambkins rear,
And watch her ewes at feed,
Where Thames in silver current flows.
To beautify the scene,
There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,
Sweet Nan of Hampton Green.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,
Her manner formed to please :
In mildness equal to the dove,
With innocence and ease.
To paint her face, her form and grace,
All words are weak and vain.
Enough to tell, she does excell,

The daughter of the main.

Where Thames, &c.

When first this charmer I surveyed,
With doubt my heart was fraught:

Fancy the beauteous maid portrayed,
A goddess to my thought,

In amorous bliss I stole a kiss,

Which banished all alarms,

Then joyful found my wishes crown'd

A mortal in my arms.

Where Thames, &c.

JACKY BULL.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France
The gossling you discover,

Tho' taught to ride, to fence, to dance,

A finished goose comes over,

With his tierce and cart sa! sa!

And his cotillion so smart ha! ha!

He charms each female heart, O la!

As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs see 'squire at home,

The prince of country tonies,

Returns from Paris, Spain, or Rome,

Our 'squire's a nice Adonis.

For with his tierce and cart, sa, sa,

And his cotillion so smart, ha! ha!

He charms each female heart, O la!

When Jackey returns from Dover.